

LATEST NEWS OF THE WRITING AND PUBLISHING WORLD

THE CONSTANT READER.

There is a world old controversy over that saying of the Wise Man that if you do a thing better than any one else, the world will make a pathway to your door. Of course, that particular Wise Man said this thing not so very long ago. But it was an issue before that; perhaps before that other Wise Man said that if a man be diligent in his business he shall stand before kings. The modern answer to these sayings is that the world will hardly trouble itself to make a pathway anywhere unless the direction is pointed out by signposts and emphasized by a mountebank blowing upon a large brass horn. That answer also was made in ancient times. And there you have the controversy.

There is as usual a good deal to be said upon both sides. For although the lion in the lion's skin may meet ridiculous discovery at last, yet he is like enough meanwhile to secure his full share of lionizing; whereas the true lion, wandering by night and by day slumbering modestly in his cave, stands a fair chance to end his days unknown. Doubtless he will eventually be famous and be heralded abroad with great honor for the king of beasts; but what use all that will be to the poor lion who, if he be not already dead, is grown too old and mangled and moth eaten to derive any profit or enjoyment from his honors, is at best entirely problematical. Reeds did his great work, and he is famous now. Let us hope he can somehow enjoy it; for he had little enough enjoyment in his life, poor devil. Yet Rodin, who also greatly labored, went to his grave in love and honor after a glorious career. And you shall find not far away some dozen charlatans whom it would be libellous to name, who are the veriest botchers and cheap-johns at their work and yet have present praise and money out of all deservings.

The upshot seems to be that one must surely, at whatever cost, first of all deserve well. He must for his own honor and best chance of profit labor to make himself a lion indeed. And then perhaps he may come to be lionized in life, the more probably if he can command a hyena or so and a good noisy jackal; and perhaps he will go all his time with no more reward than being written down an ass. And yet even so, possibly the sheer being a lion and doing a lion's share in the world may be some compensation.

Speaking of Free Verse (as we were a couple of weeks ago) one sometimes comes upon a bit of Free Verse which is really Verse, and so has a fair chance to be free. This, for instance, from the *Poetry Journal*:

WINDFLOWERS.

Windflowers have blossomed in the bare brown woods.
Rasp-white, frail, they are quivering to the air
That is pure and cold like a young girl's dream.
Summer will come and open in the breast;
Autumn's clinging mist and the sadness of dead leaves;
Winter's hard beauty and desolate white peace;
Over and over, year after year.
And always, thank God, each year will bring a day
When windflowers blossom in the bare brown woods.
—Amelia Josephine Burr.

Steel will bend, you see, and so will grasses in the wind, and tall branches.
But nobody speaks of a wet rag bending—or even unbending.

Here are more letters about books. L. F. D. writes:
Why do not more people remember the poems of John Hay? Or rather, why do we not remember more of them? A few, like *Jim Bludso* and *Little Breches*, and *When the Boys Come Home* are of course familiar. But how of such as *These Epigrams* which have not alone the mark but the very flavor of the old Greek in them?

"Wisely a woman prefers to a lover's man who neglects her—
This one may love her some day, some day the lover will not.
Wine is like rain: when it falls on the mire it but makes it the fouler;
But when it strikes the good soil, wakes it to beauty and bloom.
Unto each man comes a day when his favorite sins all forsake him.
And he complacently thinks he has forsaken his sins."
Or this perfect thing which says so gently and justly almost the last word upon its theme:

SISTER SAINT LUKE.

"She lived shut in by flowers and trees,
And shade of gentle biographies.
On this side lay the trackless sea.
On that the great world's mystery;
But all unmet and all unguessed,
They could not break upon her rest."

"The world's far splendor gleamed and flashed,
Afar the wild seas foamed and dashed;
But in her small dull Paradise,
Safe housed from rapture or surprise,
Nor day nor night had power to fright
The Peace of God that filled her eyes."

The complete poems of John Hay are published by Houghton Mifflin. Here was a man in whom Poetry was not his career but his relaxation; his pleasure, not his title to fame; and yet with his left hand, so to say, he did far better than many a fussy poet shrieking and jostling for recognition. It is well said of him: "But for the statesman in him he would have been more a poet; but for the poet in him, he would have been less a statesman."

It is no small praise to our own or any civilization to have produced such men.

Another Constant Reader, whose critical authority adds weight to his personal appreciation, reminds us not of one book but of the several works of one rare artist well known and yet far too little known for his deservings.

"It is a long, long time since I have seen the name of Kenneth Grahame in the literary columns of any of our newspapers. This man is master of the finest English prose that has been written since the death of Stevenson. He is still very much alive, and might be induced to write another book or two if our literary editors did their duty. Why devote so much space to the book of the month or the book of the week or the book of the day when a rising generation is growing up in ignorance of *The Golden Age*, *Dream Days*, and *The Wind in the Willows*, which are books of eternity? Does the existence of good work in the world cease to be news as soon as the publishers have ceased to issue their silly little blurbs about it? Please remind your readers of *The Roman Road*."

Very sincerely yours,

CLAYTON HAMILTON.

Surely we should stand corrected, if we were in need of correction on this head; but we are only too glad to add our word of appreciation of the work of Kenneth Grahame. (His publisher, by the way, is John Lane). There has been none too much of the like twilight humor and golden memory, of the like patient and perfect melody of words, in our own bustling times. For the rest, the books of eternity must first be in their time the "book of the week" or even of the day. When Mr. Grahame brings out his newest volume it shall have its turn. And for reminding readers of the good books of yesterday, whose day of contemporary heralding is past while their first worth endures and grows, that is one purpose of our Constant Readers meeting here. Shall we not be constant also in the sense of constancy?

RECOGNIZED IN FRANCE, ENGLAND, CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES AS THE GREAT BOOK OF THE WAR

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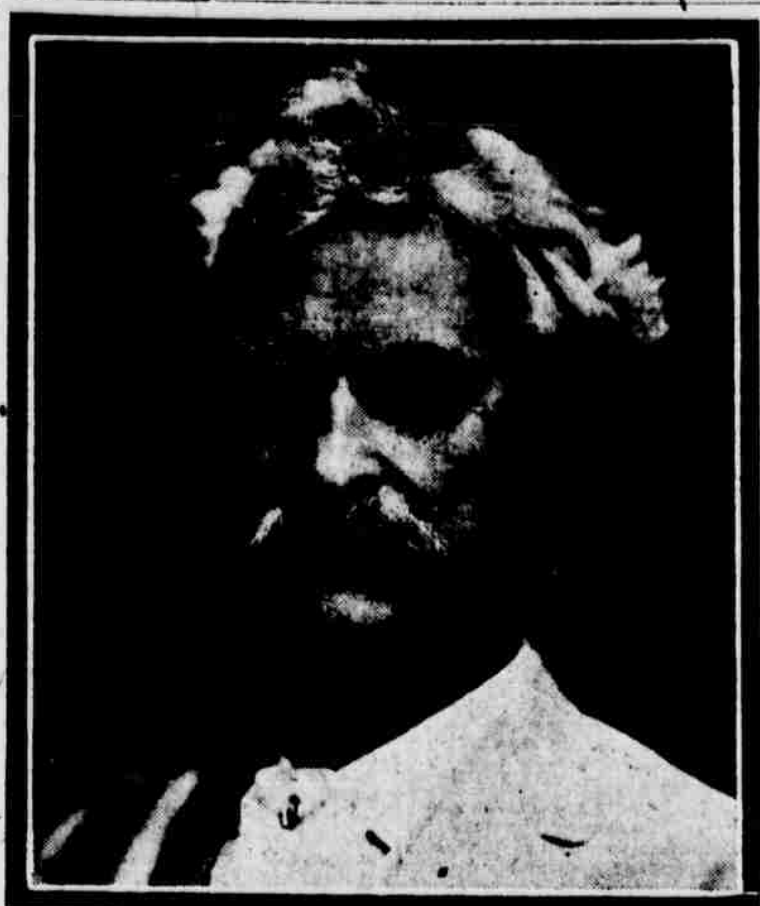
Over 300,000 Sold in France

George Bernard Shaw in the *Dial* says:—"Under Fire" is like a panorama which must be taken in at a sweep; its impressive bigness depends upon the cumulative effect of a host of small impressions. To review such a book is obviously impossible; one can only recommend it. It is the sort of book which everyone who wants to know what war is actually like will have to read for himself."

The *Bellman* says:—"This book, if one may risk a sweeping generalization, is the most notable contribution to the enduring literature of humanity Under Fire that has appeared since Tolstoy's 'Sevastopol'."

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Mark Twain. Whose Letters Have Just Been Published in Two Volumes By Harper Bros.

BOOKS AND BOOKMEN

Seven new titles are being added this week to Boni and Liveright's series of reprints: *The Modern Library: Anatol and Other Plays*, by Arthur Schnitzler, with an introduction by Ashley Dukes; *Dame Care*, by Hermann Sudermann; *A Dreamer's Tales*, by Lord Dunsany, with an introduction by Padraic Colum; *Hedda Gabler*, by Henrik Ibsen, with an introduction by Padraic Colum; *The Master Builder* (in one volume), by Ibsen, with an introduction by H. L. Mencken; *The Man Who Was Thursday*, by G. K. Chesterton; *Evolution in Modern Thought*, by Haackel, Thompson, Weissmann and others; and *The Mikado and Other Plays*, by W. S. Gilbert, with an introduction by Clarence Day, Jr.

That the Modern Library is not to be limited to modern classics which have already become popular but that it is to include the best works of new authors as well is evidenced by the fact that a James Stephens's *Mary*, first appeared six years ago in the *Irish Review*, and immediately its appeal was widely felt, for James Stephens brought a fresh and distinctive element into the new Irish literature. The present edition of *Mary*, which contains a critically appreciative introduction by Padraic Colum.

Henri Barbusse, the author of *Under Fire*, is a young French writer and editor who began his literary career ten years ago with a small volume of verse. Following this came two or three realistic novels. When the war broke out he had been for some time editor of a woman's magazine in Paris similar to the *Ladies' Home Journal* called *Le Sais-Tout*. When the war came he enrolled and was soon made the leader of a squad. With his men he lived for many months the usual life in barracks, in the trenches at the front, in rest billets, taking part in marches and attacks, in battles in outposts duty, and this life he describes in his book about a month ago it is already in its fourth large edition.

In addition to the two editions of Mark Twain's *Letters*, uniform in style and binding, one with the trade edition of Twain's works, the other with the library edition of Mark Twain: *A Biography*, Harper & Brothers have made a special live edition for the pleasure of the book collector. This edition, limited to three hundred and fifty copies, is bound in imported Italian paper with brown buckram backs and labels printed in two colors. It has uncut edges, a photograph of frontispiece, and the two volumes are enclosed in an attractive box.

"Victorious revolutions are rendered possible only by lost campaigns, and it is one of the misfortunes of us Prussians that we have not lost a campaign since Jena. Yes, my dear readers, it was in truth a misfortune, for had Prussia been only once overcome the 'old bankrupt firm' the dynasty, would have been long since extinguished and the present war would not have come to pass. For then would not have arisen the arrogant dreams of a world empire and the pan-Germanism of to-day." These sentences are from Hermann Fernau's book *The Coming Democracy* (E. P. Dutton & Co.), written by that very democratic German from his exile in Switzerland, whence he dares not set foot in his native land. The *Chicago Tribune*, quoting and commenting upon these words, says: "These are brave words, and we think they are true words. They put to shame certain."

MISTRESS ANNE

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The Penn Publishing Company Philadelphia

tain Americans of German descent who have sought to offer excuses for the 'dynasty' of which Herr Fernau speaks so bitterly."

Lieut. Coningsby Dawson, author of *Carry On*, who recently spent a few weeks on sick leave in this country, has arrived safely back in London. *Carry On* has now been put to press for the fifteenth time. Lieut. Dawson completed the writing of his new book while in the United States and it will be published by John Lane Company next March.

E. P. Dutton & Co. announce the thirteenth large edition of *A Student in Arms*, first series, which they published last spring.

Lincoln and Walt Whitman.

Henry B. Rankin of Springfield, Ill., who was once a law student in Lincoln's office, has recently published in his reminiscences the extraordinary fact that Lincoln's acquaintance with Walt Whitman's poetry dates back to about 1852. Mr. Rankin says that time and again Lincoln's enthusiasm so overflowed that "other work was discontinued by us all while he read aloud verse after verse." He tells how Lincoln rejoiced in "the virility, freshness and unique form of expression," and even risked a prophecy as to the great place "the future would assign to Whitman's poems."

RAMBLES WITH CAPABLE GUIDES

Four handsome books of travels and rambles offer themselves properly as a manifestation and invitation of the glad season. They are solid books, good paper, good print, the tops of the pages gilded, each book in a box. When Christmas comes, with its call for matters that are appropriate, they are books that will fit. When Christmas went to the prince's ball she was dressed suitably for the occasion. These books are *Cinderellas*; their fairy godmothers have done the right thing by them.

In *Rambles in Old College Town* (Dodd, Mead & Company, \$2.50) Hildegarde Hawthorne carries us off to sixteen of our venerable and delightful seats of learning. She is in fine mood, possessed with exactly the right spirit of agreeable communication, and makes us glad to be along. Down to Virginia, back through Maryland and New Jersey, away to New Eng-

land, up the Hudson—no difficulty in this round in finding colleges that time has touched sufficiently to make mellow. Of course New England, wise old area, has the most of them, but good football is played in other places, and there is tea at Vassar. A delicate grace marks John Albert Seaford's fifteen drawings included in the book.

Another journey, both pleasant and informing, may be made with Mildred Cram in her *Old Seaport Towns of the South* (Dodd, Mead & Company, \$2.50). Here again we travel with a guide who knows how to entertain. How do the women compare with New York women? Do they wear their hats at a slightly different angle? Read the book. Acquire very agreeably the larger and the lesser information relating to a multitude of matters. The book takes us from the tip of Florida and along the coast of the Gulf of Mexico as far as Galveston, Charleston, St. Augustine, New Orleans—these venerables are among the places visited. Twenty-five drawings by Allan G. Cram, finely

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TEMPORARY HEROES. By Cecil Sommers. (John Lane Company)

This falls under the general head of War Books, and under the sub-species Letters Home. It is distinguished from the general run of such, first by the circumstance of the letters being written not to Mother as in the vast majority of cases, but to the Only Girl. And this variation is at once refreshing. Not that we would disparage the indispensable relative: far from it and indeed altogether to the contrary. But the way of a man with a maid, besides being itself a pleasant thing to observe when the man in question is a good fellow, lends also an agreeable difference in tone and point of view to the discussion of the very well known war.

Secondly, the book is distinguished by the personality and style of the writer himself. Upon this the general interest of any volume of correspondence must principally depend. And Captain Sommers is a gentleman very good to meet in the formal intimacy of the printed page. He is wholly informal without ever being overintimate; he does not sentimentalize nor speechify; he declines to wallow, either in holiness or in gore. Also he writes well, as do so many educated Englishmen not literary by profession. And he looks and comments upon all experience with an unfailing and engaging sense of humor, which is perhaps the best quality of all.

In this tone of quiet amusement covering serious things he is not unlike Major Ian Hay Belth; lacking that trained author's literary skill and penetration into humanity, he has much the same tone and manner in the telling. His book is somewhat as if the humor and contemplation of *The First Hundred Thousand* were separated from the other elements to be a volume by itself; and written by a different, although in more than mere nationality a kindred, man.

EMILY DOES HER BEST. By Mrs. Horace Tremlett. (John Lane Company.) \$1.40.

There is a cheerful musical comedy atmosphere about this story of Portuguese East Africa. Notwithstanding the title the centre of the stage is usurped by a vivacious young person known by her intimates as Pipsy, who intermittently drifts down to Lorenzo Marques, where she is known euphemistically as the "wife" of a certain Jack, who times his own, and accordingly. Now it happens that Jack's sister, Emily, an amiable spinster with infinite good intentions and limited mentality, arrives inopportunistically, much amazed at encountering an unexpected sister-in-law, but in the absence of Jack graciously welcomes her into the family and thereby precipitates a social chaos which is nothing less than disastrous even in the lax moral atmosphere of the colonies. The darker side of the plot involves the two sinister figures of a slippery South American, Amaro, and a fanatical German scientist, who are experimenting fearfully with cholera germs as a war weapon. Incidentally, in the course of doing her best Emily narrowly misses being the tool designed to destroy an entire British crew. But the festive and frankly disreputable Pipsy brings her keen wits to the rescue and gets the final curtain call in a little burst of glory.

Whether young or old, you will find "My Unknown Chum" the best of comrades all through life. He is a delightful Chum who will introduce you to about all that is worth while. He will tell you how to invest suffering with charm, how to manage should you, too, ever be "Hard Up in Paris" or elsewhere. His views of Cant-of Life are worth in lasting results a typhoon of spoutings from Serio-comic Revivalists. Preachy? Not a bit of it. He will go with you to the theatre—take you behind the scenes if you like, tell you about the art, the soul of the playhouse, with never a word or thought of the sensualistic rubbish that features only the flesh-mummer, her toothbrush brilliancy and the stage door—that leads to so many family scandals, domestic wreckage and divorce.

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MY UNKNOWN CHUM

("AGUECHEEK")

Foreword by HENRY GARRITY

"An Ideal Chum." You will read it often and like it better the oftener you read it—once read it will be your chum, as it is now the chum of thousands. You will see France, Belgium, England, Italy and America—men and women in a new light that will make it the Chum of your traveling bag—or kit—and an inspiration for letters to or from home or the trenches. The story of the beautiful English girl and wife who gave her life in Belgium to the reclaiming of the degraded of her own sex will remind many a youth, man and Soldier of what he owes to womanhood in these truly inferno times.

It fulfils to the letter Lord Rosebery's definition of the three-fold function of a book—"TO FURNISH INFORMATION, LITERATURE, RECREATION."

What Critical Booklovers Say:

SIR CHARLES FITZPATRICK, Chief Justice of Canada: "My 'Unknown Chum' is a wonderful book. I can repeat some of the pages almost by heart. I buy it to give to those I love and to friends who can appreciate a good book."

PHILIP GIBBS, most brilliant of the English war correspondents: "My 'Unknown Chum' is delightful."

COL. F. A. NEVETAGE LAMBERT, Cavalry Club, London: "My 'Unknown Chum' delighted me."

GOVERNOR DAVID I. WALSH, of Massachusetts: "My 'Unknown Chum'—I cannot too strongly express the pleasure and companionship I found in this excellent book. It is all that is claimed for it—even more. It is not only a companion, but a friend."

CHARLES E. LAURIA, Jr., of Boston, Lusitania survivor: "My 'Unknown Chum' is the best book I ever read—the publisher will never get another like it."

REV. FRANCIS P. SIEGFRIED: "Whenever I want to give a book to an intelligent person, I give a copy of My 'Unknown Chum'."

Whether young or old, you will find "My Unknown Chum" the best of comrades all through life. He is a delightful Chum who will introduce you to about all that is worth while. He will tell you how to invest suffering with charm, how to manage should you, too, ever be "Hard Up in Paris" or elsewhere. His views of Cant-of Life are worth in lasting results a typhoon of spoutings from Serio-comic Revivalists.

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skilful, some of them with curious effects of repetition and intended obscuration. There are Greeks and Latins in Florida, part of the blazing color that makes at the shores there another Mediterranean. The book includes an impression of them. It is caught their animated gestures and the bright wonder of their clothes. It is with Anna Alice Chapin that we ramble in *Greenwich Village* (Dodd, Mead & Company, \$2.50). Here in our town is the place where the streets are twisted and where we can walk quite unmistakably in the palpable and true glamour of the locality. It is with Anna Alice Chapin that we ramble in *Greenwich Village* (Dodd, Mead & Company, \$2.50). Here in our town is the place where the streets are twisted and where we can walk quite unmistakably in the palpable and true glamour of the locality. It is with Anna Alice Chapin that we ramble in *Greenwich Village* (Dodd, Mead & Company, \$2.50). Here in our town is the place where the streets are twisted and where we can walk quite unmistakably in the palpable and true glamour of the locality.

Court, and it is well exhibited and exacted by the guide who has us in hand. Mr. Cram is again the illustrator here. The book has seventeen of his drawings.

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